



DELL
GOLDEN AGE

NO. 384 10¢

the

RANGE RIDER

comics



The Stagecoach

THE LONGEST AND MOST FAMOUS OF THE EARLY DAY STAGE LINES WAS THE JOHN BUTTERFIELD OVERLAND MAIL WHICH WAS STARTED IN THE 1850'S. IT EXTENDED FROM ST. LOUIS AND MEMPHIS IN THE EAST, TO SAN FRANCISCO IN THE WEST. IT PASSED THROUGH THREE THOUSAND MILES OF PRAIRIE, PLAINS, RUGGED MOUNTAINS AND DESOLATE DESERT COUNTRY. THE TRIP TOOK TWENTY-FIVE DAYS OF CONSTANT DAY AND

NIGHT TRAVEL WITH STOPS EVERY TEN OR TWENTY MILES TO CHANGE HORSES. WHEN FULLY LOADED, THE COACHES COULD CARRY NINE PASSENGERS. IN ADDITION TO THE MAIL BAGS, ONLY FORTY POUNDS OF PERSONAL LUGGAGE WAS ALLOWED EACH PASSENGER. THE MAIL BAGS WERE CARRIED ON THE BACK OF THE COACH IN A LEATHER "BOOT." INDIAN ATTACKS WERE A FREQUENT OCCURRENCE. LARGE CARAVANS OF GOLD WERE OFTEN CARRIED FROM THE CALIFORNIA "DIGGINGS" AND GUN-GUARDS RODE THE COACHES TO PROTECT THEM FROM BANDITS. THE STAGE LINE WAS DISCONTINUED WHEN THE RAILROAD FINALLY CONNECTED THE EAST AND WEST.



Range Rider

GOOD-BYE, DICK WEST!
GOOD-BYE, FOR GOOD!
AFTER A FEW HOURS IN
THIS SUN, YOU'LL WISH
YOU'D NEVER
HEARD OF
DINOSAURS
AND SUCH!

The Monster
of the Desert

BUT, UNCLE JED YOU CAN'T
LEAVE ME OUT HERE TO DIE!
I HAVEN'T DONE
ANYTHING TO YOU!

6030

HEY, COME BACK
HERE YOU FOOL
HOUND! YOU CAN'T
HELP YOUR MASTER
NOW/COME BACK,
OR

QW-YPE/

POOR SAGE, HE
ALMOST NICKED
YOUR PRAW. YOU
SHOULD'VE
STAYED ON
TH' WAGON. AT
LEAST, YOU'D
HAVE A CHANCE
TO LIVE!
BUT NOW...











LATER...

PERDUE'S BUCKBOARD
TRACKS ARE PLENTY
PLAIN, RAWHIDE... LIKEWISE,
IT'S PLAIN THEY AREN'T
COMING FROM VERD GAGS!



WHILE NEARBY...

THAT RANGE RIDER FELLOW IS
A SLICK CUSTOMER! IF I DON'T
STOP HIM NOW, HE'S BOUND TO
FIND DICK!



I THOUGHT PERDUE...
OR ONE OF HIS MEN...
WOULD FOLLOW ME! THIS
PROVES I'M ON DICK'S
TRAIL!



THAT LOOKS LIKE PERDUE,
BUT I CAN'T BE SURE AT THIS
DISTANCE!... AH, I
THINK I CREASED
HIM GOOD!



GIDDY UP! THE RANGE
RIDER NICKED MY WEST! I'M NO
MATCH FOR HIM UNLESS I'VE GOT
HELP! I WAS A FOOL TO TRAIL
HIM ALONE!

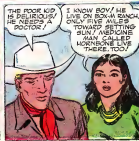


I GUESS THAT
DISCOURAGED
HIM, RAWHIDE!
BUT THE QUESTION
IS, SHOULD I...
HEY, WHAT'S THAT?



WOOF!







BOON...

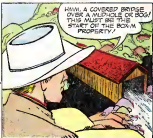
YOU KNOW, RAHWIDE,
I CAN SAVOR WHY
INDIANS HAVE STRANGE
FEARS AND BELIEFS
ABOUT ANCIENT
MONSTERS...

BUT WHY WAS DICK MUMBLED
ABOUT DINOSAURS, GIANT LIZARDS
AND SUCH IN HIS DELIRIUM?



AND WHAT BEARING
HAS ALL THIS ON DICK'S
UNCLE TRYING TO KILL
HIM? OH, OH
WHAT'S THAT?

HMM, A COVERED BRIDGE
OVER A MUD-HOLE OR BOG?
THIS MUST BE THE
START OF THE BOON
PROPERTY!



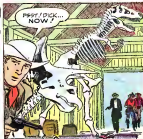
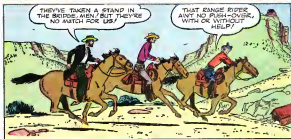
JUMPIN'
ALLIGATORS! NOW
I'M SEEING THINGS!
RAHWIDE, BABY BOY!
EASY!

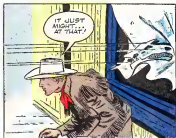














RANGE RIDER

and
THE KILLER of RIO HONDO

ONE AFTERNOON NEAR EL MUERTO SPRINGS, TEXAS, THE RANGE RIDER AND HIS YOUNG PAL, DICK WEST, SUDDENLY RAN UP...

GOSH, RANGE RIDER! THAT MUST BE SOME CAMPFIRE TO CAUSE ALL THAT SMOKE!

THAT'S NO CAMPFIRE, DICK... THAT'S A BIG BLAZE! JINGLE YOUR SPURS AND LET'S TAKE A LOOKSEE!







EL ABBINO, HMM...
SPARK FOR THE
KILLER/ EVER HEARD
OF HIM, RANGE
ROBERT?

NO! BUT APPARENTLY
HE'S WELL
NAMED/ RUBY'S IS
DEAD!



WHAT DO WE DO
NOW? TAKE HIM
TO THE NEAREST
TOWN AND...

NO, WE'LL BURY
HIM HERE/ IT'S
MORE IMPORTANT
TO TRY TO PICK
UP EL ABBINO'S
TRAIL!

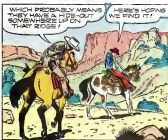


A FEW MINUTES
LATER...

ANY LUCK,
RANGE ROBERT?



YES! THERE WERE THREE
RIDERS/ ONE HAD A FRESHLY
SHOD HORSE/ THEY RODE IN
FROM THE NORTHEAST AND
OUT THE SAME WAY!



WHICH PROBABLY MEANS
THEY HAVE A HIDE-OUT
SOMEWHERE UP ON
THAT ROSE!

HERE'S HOPES
WE FIND IT!



DON'T WORRY! I'VE GOT A
HUNCH THE KILLER WILL SEE
TO THAT WHEN HE SEES US
HEADING THIS WAY!

HUNT ON, I SAY!!
YOU MEAN HELL START
THROWING LEAD!

RIGHT! WE'RE SETTING
CLOSE! KEEP YOUR EYES
OPEN AND BE READY
TO DUCK!



SUDDENLY A SHOT PUTS A PERIOD
TO THE RANGE RIDER'S WORDS...



KEEP LOW IN YOUR SADDLE AND
HEAD FOR THOSE ROCKS/HURRY!



WE'LL NEVER
BLAST THEM
OUT OF THESE!

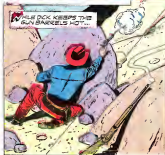
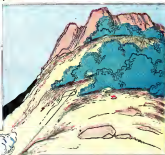
I RECKON YOU'RE
RIGHT, DICK! BUT
MAYBE WE CAN SMOKE
THEM OUT BY FING
THAT BRUSH
BEHIND THEM!

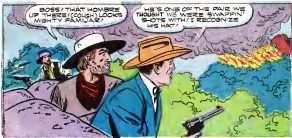


WITH WHAT?
PLANNING AHEAD?
OR PLAN HOT
LEAD!

NEITHER! I'LL
ORCLE AROUND,
CUT UP
THROUGH THE
ROCKS, AND SET
IT APEE MYSELF!







BESIDES, I'VE GOT AN IDEA
HOW WE CAN GET AWAY
WITHOUT BEIN' SINGED
BY FIRE OR BULLETS!



COME ON, BRAZOS!
DADDY, YOU GET THE
HORSES! I'AN' STOW
MURVE'S CASH IN
THE SADDLEBAGS!

OKAY! BUT
HURRY! THAT
FIRE'S GETTIN'
NIGHTY CLOSS!



WHAT ARE
YOU SONNNA
DO WITH THAT
DYNAMITE?

FIRST, WE'LL
TIE TWO STICKS
TOGETHER, I'AN
ATTACH A
LONG FUSE!
THEN...

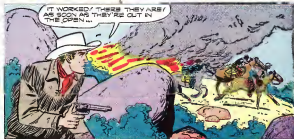


FIVE MINUTES LATER...

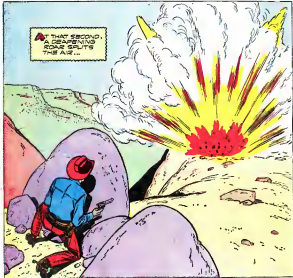
OKAY, BOYS!
MOVE!



IT WORKED! THERE THEY ARE!
AS SOON AS THEY'RE OUT IN
THE OPEN...



AT THAT SECOND,
A DEAFENING
ROAR SPLITS
THE AIR...



AND IN THE FURY OF THE BLAST...









A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE POSSE
THUNDER'S OUT OF TOWN...

